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## ART SURGERY.

We had been talking about old pictures and the business of picture-cleaning—talking as people do across the dinner-table, expressing opinions formed on slender grounds, and criticising the methods of the picture-cleaner, as we understood them, with the breezy freedom of ignorance. Only one man took no part in the conversation; an elderly man, with an interesting and handsome face, who listened to our remarks with what might have been intelligent interest, but which I now suspect must have been amusement. If I had known who he was, I, for one, should have been less ready with criticism, and I rather think the rest would have been more restrained too: we did not know he was a Royal Academician, and a very distinguished R.A. at that. I had heard his name, but it is not an uncommon one, and it never occurred to any of us that he might be *the* Mr ——. We all make mistakes of the kind at times; and though I did feel rather small when I learned who our fellow-guest was, I cannot regret it, because it led to a particularly interesting talk in the drawing-room after dinner.

We had been, as I said, discussing the business of picture-cleaning, or 'restoring,' as those engaged in the trade—or art, it may fairly be called—describe it. Everybody knows the orthodox 'sign' of the picture-cleaner: a painting—portrait for choice—of unquestionable antiquity and dinginess, but of dubious value, one half of which retains the subduing pellicle of dirt acquired by age, and the other brilliant in what purport to be the real original tints. I said at dinner, and say again now—since it was the only remark I made which the Royal Academician did not afterwards prove quite wrong, and of which I am therefore rather proud—that the 'restored' moiety of most of these specimens was very much restored indeed, owing their freshness, in fact, far less to any process of removal of grime than to the simpler

and speedier operation of applying, or misapplying, fresh paint. Mark Twain frankly confessed his preference for the copies of Italian Old Masters; and though all amateur patrons of medieval art have not his courage, I own to the belief that the copies fall more within the range of amateur appreciation than originals whose details are toned down almost to extinction by the accumulated dust of centuries.

It is a fortunate phase of the artistic tendencies of the middle ages that the subjects were of a nature which indicated cathedral or church as their appropriate resting-place. As everybody knows, a very large proportion of the famous pictures by the Old Masters of Flanders, Italy, Spain, and Germany, are to be seen in, or have been taken from, the churches. These, although they appear to have suffered more than pictures of equal antiquity which have been preserved in private galleries and elsewhere, are really much more amenable to the art of the cleaner. The heavy smoke of the candles so largely used in the ritual, while seeming to blacken out the colours of pictures which hung within its influence, by comparison with other sources of dirt, is actually the easiest discolouration to remove. This was the first thing we learned from the Royal Academician, who, with infinite tact, appeared to have heard absolutely nothing of the ignorance we had been parading, an hour before, at dinner. He went on to tell us that one of the most important duties of those in charge of the National collection in Trafalgar Square occurs in connection with this matter of picture-restoring, on which we had been pouring the vials of contempt. When a valuable work seems to be very 'far gone,' it is a question for careful consideration by experts whether it is safe to attempt restoration; it is such a delicate operation that a painting may be ruined in the effort to freshen it. There are only two men whom the National Gallery authorities employ on a task of this kind.—No; not artists, said the Royal Academician in answer

to a suggestion that only a painter of acknowledged repute would be allowed to touch them: they were professional restorers, whose business was restoration, and nothing else.

'It can't be a very lucrative profession,' somebody observed.

'It is, though,' said the Royal Academician. 'They are the only two men in the country that I know of who can really be trusted, and they have just as much work on their hands as they can do.'

'Are their terms very high?' asked a young lady with some interest. 'A relation of mine picked up a picture at Venice the other day, and several people who know something about it think it's a valuable one. It is painted on a panel which is one piece with the frame, such as it is, and that, in conjunction with its artistic qualities, as well as they can be seen under the dirt, made some one who saw it attribute the picture to Botticelli or Lippo Lippi.'

'Both are known to have painted on that peculiar style of panel,' said the Royal Academician cautiously.

Then did the Royal Academician think that Mr D——, or the other restorer, Mr M——, would inspect the picture with a view to cleaning it? Its condition was really awful.

The Royal Academician, not having seen the painting, could not say; but in regard to the cost, he could state that if Mr D—— went down to the country to look at it, he would expect his fee of five guineas, even if he came to the conclusion that nothing could be done.

We began to have more respect for picture-cleaning. A man who expects five guineas—and gets it—for telling you he can't do anything, is entitled to respect; and we began forthwith to make inquiry about methods and results. The Royal Academician was quite willing to satisfy our curiosity: he had had many opportunities of seeing Mr D—— at work, and spoke of his methods with a reverence that bordered upon awe. He began by explaining that in the old days it was generally the artist's custom to give a finished picture a thick coating of mastic varnish.

'Perhaps the early substitute for glass,' suggested somebody with the air of one struck with a valuable idea.

'Perhaps,' assented the Royal Academician dryly, 'perhaps with the idea of preserving the colours from the action of light. Anyhow, they almost invariably did so; and we may be thankful for it. This film of mastic naturally received the particles of dust which would otherwise have settled on the paint itself, and in course of time became the foundation of that coating we all know which dulls the pigments to sombre uniformity.—Well, the great object of the restorer is—or should be—to remove the layer of mastic with its superincumbent dirt without injuring the pigments below. Solvents are commonly employed, but, as you will understand, are not very easy to control, so that the actual paint shall escape their action.'

'Is that so very difficult?' I asked.

'Not when the picture is thickly painted, though even then it may do harm. But a

thinly-painted work inevitably suffers if a solvent be used upon it, no matter how carefully. Now D—— uses no solvents.'

The Royal Academician smiled to himself, and we waited for him to go on.

'It's the strangest thing you can imagine,' he continued after a pause. 'He sits down before the picture, after examining the surface carefully, and begins to rub it with his finger-tips.—No; he uses no resin or anything else; he works with perfectly clean hands. He begins with gentle pressure, and increases it gradually, though he never rubs very hard. After he has been rubbing for a few minutes, you see a trace of blue-gray dust coming out under his fingers, and this increases till it lies like a thick powder. He dusts this off; and—there you are!'

'The picture is cleaned?'

'Yes. It looks like magic, to us outsiders,' said the Royal Academician modestly, as though we all had been of the sacred Forty, and he the latest elected. 'The secret lies in his wonderful touch; in working off that coat of mastic and dust which covers all these old pictures. But when you see the original paint below as fresh as the day it was laid on, the effect of such a simple-looking operation is really extraordinary.'

'I can understand how that can be done on a smoothly painted picture,' said one of his listeners; 'but some of those Old Masters look so rough and lumpy. How does he manage with them?'

'On those, of course, he can't do it all with his finger-tips,' confessed the Royal Academician. 'A Titian or Tintoretto, for instance, requires different treatment. Their work was very rough, as you know.'

I don't think any of us *did* know; but we all murmured a cordial assent.

'Dealing with a picture of that kind, he manipulates the ridges and all he can reach with his fingers in the same way; but he has to use a solvent to restore the little nooks and valleys; he does it and the necessary touching up afterwards with wonderful skill. I assure you I myself could not tell where his brush had been.'

'Do you consider a restoration in which the brush and palette play a part as satisfactory as one done by the fingers only?' asked the lady who had mooted the subject of asking Mr D—— to inspect her relative's purchase.

'Perhaps not quite,' replied the Royal Academician. 'But the man is an artist, though he does not profess to be one; and when the choice lies between a picture smothered in dirt and one which shows the painter's work, we must not be too critical. I call D—— an artist because he works so sympathetically.'

'Supposing he comes across a blister,' said somebody speaking as one who puts a regular poser, 'how does he manage that?'

'Ah!' said the Royal Academician with gusto, 'that's another thing worth telling you about. The difficulty is not so much in cleaning the blister as laying it.'

'Laying it?'

'Yes. It's a beautiful process: quite a bit of artistic surgery. You can guess that on an

old picture these unsightly bubbles are quite hard. Well; first D—— softens the bubble very slowly and carefully with oil. It takes a good deal of time. When he has got it to a workable consistency, he pricks it with a needle, and inserts a very small dose of a special cement. When he has got in as much as he requires, he sets to work with a little ivory implement, and coaxes the blister down against the cemented canvas till it lies perfectly flat and smooth; and you would never guess there had been a bubble there at all. It's a very nice operation, that of laying a blister; it wants most delicate workmanship.

The Royal Academician nursed his knee, and remained lost in silent admiration of this example of 'artistic surgery.'

'How do you proceed when a picture is cracked all over, as one so often sees?' I inquired.

The Royal Academician threw out his hands, and his face fell. 'You can't do anything,' he said sadly. 'It must be left alone. I believe D—— could repair cracks, if any man could; but no means of doing it have been discovered yet, and for my part, I don't believe any ever will be.—Of course, they can be painted over. But that—with scorn—is mere journeyman work.'

Consideration of the hopelessness of cracks seemed to depress the Royal Academician, so, recollecting something another artist had once told me, I threw a suggestion delicately, as you throw a fly over a feeding trout.

'I suppose that these very old pictures which have hung for generations on the walls of damp churches are not always in good enough condition to withstand Mr D——'s mode of cleaning? Is not the canvas on which they are painted often very rotten?'

The Royal Academician recovered himself at once. 'Yes,' he said, 'very often. I have seen pictures of which the canvas was rotted simply to shreds.'

'You can't clean them by rubbing?'

'I was going to tell you how they are treated; it's worth knowing, as a curiosity. They have to be repaired before they can be touched.'

That sounded like a 'bull,' but nobody noticed it, and the Royal Academician went on.

'It's an interesting process, though a bit heroic, and only practicable with a picture that is tolerably thickly painted. You lay the picture face down, and strip the old rotten canvas off thread by thread till you have nothing but the naked skin of paint by itself.'

'It must demand a great deal of care,' said somebody; 'one would think there would be more holes than paint left.'

'Of course, it must be done very slowly and cautiously; but it is a recognised process, and is often employed. Once the whole of the original canvas is removed, it is a simple matter to apply a fresh one.'

We could quite believe that. To take the paint off a canvas is orthodox enough; but to take the canvas off the paint is an inverted way of doing things, worthy of a place in *Alice through the Looking-glass*, where you reached the

spot you wanted by walking in the opposite direction.

'If it isn't a secret, how much does Mr D—— charge for cleaning a picture by the hand-rubbing process?' I asked.

'It all depends on the size of the painting and the amount of work to be done—in fact, on the length of time required to clean it. You may see a picture in the National Gallery which has been quite recently hung, though it has been in the possession of the authorities for some time. D—— cleaned that. It's a small thing, and did not want much doing to it—that is to say, it was smooth and even, so that he did all that was necessary by hand alone. He was paid twelve pounds fifteen shillings for the job, if I remember rightly.'

It was on my lips to ask the Royal Academician about the manufacture of Old Masters, an industry which must be a thriving one, judging by the number of pictures attributed to the great painters of the early and middle ages—but it struck me that a Royal Academician was hardly the man to furnish information on that department of art, and perhaps would not consider an appeal to his acquaintance with it in the light of a compliment; so I refrained. I mean to find out something about that business, if I can. Mr Burls, the dealer in the *Golden Butterfly*, you will remember, converted a brand-new picture into an old one by simply shaking the door-mat over it before the paint had had time to dry. This simple expedient furnished the approved 'tone' of extreme antiquity. But it seems to me there must be something more to learn about the creation of cheap Old Masters.

#### THE LAWYER'S SECRET.\*

##### CHAPTER XV.—UNDER ARREST.

THE measures taken by Inspector Clarke for finding, among all the cabmen of London, the one who drove the purchaser of the cocaine to Mr Davis' shop were well chosen—in other words, the reward offered for information was sufficient. On the following day, one of the fraternity came to Scotland Yard, and told the sergeant on duty that on the 14th of September he had driven a lady and a gentleman from Waterloo terminus to Oxford Circus, and then from the Circus to Chancery Lane, passing through Holborn. On the way they had stopped at a druggist's shop, stayed there a few minutes, came out, and got into the cab again. They then drove on to Chancery Lane, where both the lady and the gentleman got out. He got his fare, the cabman added; and that was the last he saw of them.

Asked whether he would know the lady or the gentleman again? he answered that he would not know the lady, but thought he would recognise the gentleman if he were to see him again.

On receiving this information, Inspector Clarke had an interview with a superior officer, and obtained permission to engage the cabman and a detective to keep a watch at Waterloo on the

chance of the purchaser of cocaine turning up there. It was a slender, a very slender clue, but it was the only one the police possessed.

Some days passed without the watch leading to any result, when one Saturday afternoon the cabman, who was languidly scanning the groups of people in the booking-office, suddenly started, and then, throwing a significant look at the policeman near him, walked up to a tall gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and then went on, looking keenly at him as he passed. After going a few steps farther, the cabman made a circuit and returned to his companion.

'That's 'im, Grainger,' said he laconically, nodding his head in the direction of the person he had been inspecting.

'Make a better shot next time, cabby,' said the detective, in an indifferent tone.

'I tell you that's the man I drove, that time you know of; and you may make what mull of it you like, for me,' said Jehu, turning sulkily away.

The policeman, who was of course in plain clothes, looked a little uneasy at this. He sauntered over to the booking-office, and watched the gentleman pointed out to him go up and take a ticket for Chalfont. Then Mr Grainger likewise took a ticket for Chalfont.

Arrived at the little road-side station, Grainger loitered about till the man he was shadowing had got a few yards ahead, on his way to the village, and then approached the station-master.

'Can you tell me who that tall gentleman is?' he asked—'the one carrying the Gladstone bag?'

'That's Mr Thesiger, a nephew of old Captain Thesiger, as they call him, that lives at Hope Cottage.'

Several more questions were put and answered; and so intent was the detective in gathering information about Mr Thesiger, that he did not notice that Mr Thesiger himself had returned to the platform, and was standing a few paces off, waiting, apparently, till the station-master should be at liberty to speak to him.

Grainger, on observing this, retired at once, and waited until Mr Thesiger had again taken his departure. The detective expected that the station-master would now be suspicious and reserved in his answers, and he was not mistaken. At length he pulled out a card that vouched for his official character; but the worthy station-master at sight of this card broke into a loud laugh.

'So you're a thief-catcher?' he said. 'I thought as much. Well, you're on the wrong track this time, my lad. The Thesigers are about the best respected people in ten parishes round—quite gentlefolks; and that gentleman you saw just now is a lawyer up in London. The idea of a thief-catcher coming here to look after Mr Thesiger!'

'There's worse things than thieving folks have to be looked after for,' said Grainger, as he walked away. It was an imprudent utterance; but the detective was nettled at the epithet the station-master had applied to him. Having left the station, the police official put up at the village inn, and telegraphed to London for further instructions.

On the next day, Sunday, Mr Grainger walked over to Hope Cottage, and satisfied himself that

the gentleman he was watching was staying there; and on Monday morning he followed the young barrister up to town, traced him to his chambers at No. 16 Garden Court, Temple, ascertained that he lived there, and then went to Scotland Yard to report progress.

Two hours afterwards, Inspector Clarke and his satellite Grainger came to No. 16 Garden Court, and asked for Mr Thesiger. They were shown into a small but well-furnished sitting-room, the walls of which were closely covered with books.

'Good-morning,' said the young barrister, as he came out of an inner room, which served as his bedroom. 'Can I do anything for you? I am rather busy, in fact very busy to-day. You will excuse my mentioning it?'

'Oh, certainly, sir. I am from Scotland Yard,' answered Clarke.

'And this is one of your men?' said Mr Thesiger, glancing at his other visitor. 'I saw him down at Chalfont on Saturday. He was making inquiries about me, I was told; and I have been a little curious to know what it was all about.'

'I'm really ashamed to trouble you, sir, about such an apparent trifle; but I wanted to ask whether you have had occasion to use any cocaine lately?'

'Any—what?'

'Cocaine, sir—it's a drug.'

'No.'

'You are quite sure? Not on the 14th of this month? Think, sir. Of course, I needn't tell you, sir, being a barrister, that you don't need to answer unless you please.'

Mr Thesiger shook his head. 'I never tasted the drug in my life,' he said.

'There must be some mistake, then. We were told that you had driven from Waterloo that day, the 14th, with a lady, to Oxford Circus, and so on to Chancery Lane, and that you had stopped at a shop in Holborn and bought some cocaine there.'

The barrister was silent.

'Is it not the case, sir?'

'I didn't say'—began Hugh, and stopped himself. 'You said a little ago,' he continued after a moment's pause, 'that I need not answer your questions unless I chose. I think I had better avail myself of the privilege.'

The Inspector looked surprised.

'I'm afraid, sir, I must ask you to come with me,' said the Inspector.

An indescribable change came over Thesiger's face. 'Very good,' he said; 'I will go with you at once. I'll be with you in a moment,' and he turned to re-enter his bedroom.

But the officer by a swift movement barred his way. 'Excuse me, sir; but really it is my duty not to let you out of my sight.'

The barrister stared, frowned, and then drew himself up. 'You should have told me plainly that I was under arrest. Have you got a search-warrant?'

'Here it is, sir.'

'Let us go, then.'

They set off immediately, and soon reached the police headquarters. As soon as they arrived, Thesiger was searched—in a rather perfunctory manner—and the contents of his

pockets were taken from him and locked up. He was then turned into a room where there were perhaps a score of men of various sizes and complexions, and of all ranks. While he was there, a red-faced man came in, looked from one to another, looked harder at Mr Thesiger, smiled, and passed out. The barrister changed his position; and he had hardly done so when a youth of seventeen or eighteen years of age entered the room. An anxious look was on his face. He peered into the countenance first of one, then of another, till he came to Thesiger. Then the look of anxiety passed away; he went quickly through the other occupants of the room, and vanished.

Once more Mr Thesiger walked away a few paces, and tried to amuse himself by studying the faces of those around him. As he did so, another lad, younger and keener-looking than the other, came in, went from man to man till he came to Thesiger, and then stopped.

Thesiger stared hard at him, and the boy stared hard in return.

'What do you want with me? I never saw you before,' said the barrister.

'I've seen you before, though,' answered the lad coolly. He silently drew the attention of a constable who was in the room to the fact that he identified Mr Thesiger, and then he, too, left the room.

The process was over. The prisoner had been satisfactorily identified by three witnesses.

'Can I see the Superintendent on duty?' asked Thesiger, as he was taken back to the office.

'In one moment, sir,' said the constable. 'The Superintendent's busy just at present; and he showed the prisoner—for such Thesiger knew he already was—into a small waiting-room.

The Superintendent was at that moment listening to the report of the officer Grainger, who had remained behind to execute the search-warrant by searching the prisoner's chambers.

'I found the bedroom was a small apartment with only one door—that opening into the sitting-room,' said the man. 'On the floor I found a portmanteau, not locked, but packed with clothes, books, dressing-case, and so on. In it I found a bundle of share certificates in various railways, which I produce—also a pocket-book with a bundle of bank-notes, which I also produce.'

'It certainly looks as if you got there just in the nick of time,' remarked the Superintendent.

'Not a doubt of it, sir. And I found these under the empty grate in the bedroom.'

The man held in his hand a number of fragments of glass.

'It has been a phial, sir; I'm sure of it. The label has been removed; but you can see there has been one. See! There are two corners of it left on these two bits of glass!'

The Superintendent struck a bell. 'Send that lad Davis in to me,' he said to the constable who answered the bell.

'Look at these morsels of paper,' he said to the lad when he entered the room. 'Are the labels you use like that?'

'They are the same, sir! I'm certain of it,'

cried the youth, flushed with excitement. 'I'll bring you one from our shop; and you'll see for yourself that the border is exactly of the same pattern!'

'What a fool the man was to leave the fragments in his fireplace!' muttered the Superintendent, when the lad had gone out again; 'but then criminals, even the most intelligent, do continually do the most stupid things.—Yes, Grainger; you may have him sent in now.'

A moment later, Thesiger, strictly guarded, walked into the Superintendent's room.

'I think it right to tell you,' said the official, 'that you are going to be taken to Bow Street. You may wish to send for your lawyer, or telegraph to your friends. Any message you please to send will be despatched at once.'

'No; I have no message to send.'

'Not to a solicitor?'

'Not even to a solicitor.—What am I to be charged with?'

'With the wilful murder of Mr James Felix.'

The prisoner drew a long breath and made no reply.

(*To be continued.*)

#### ON GOOSEBERRY CULTURE.

THE Gooseberry is essentially a plebeian fruit, common and cheap; almost every one can buy it in its season, and there are few gardens in which it cannot be grown successfully. Compared with the aristocratic grape, the gooseberry is far behind in appearance; but in respect of flavour, there are many competent judges accustomed to eat both fruits who prefer the fruit of, say, the 'Whitesmith' gooseberry to the finest hothouse grape. Indeed, if gooseberries were always scarce and dear, they would stand a good chance of being the more fashionable of the two fruits.

In spite of its being abundant and within the reach of every one, the gooseberry had, till quite recently, been declining in popular favour. Several reasons may be assigned for this. Mostly grown by the less wealthy classes, the gooseberry generally found its place in their gardens near the vegetable break, the sunniest position being usually assigned to flowers. In ordinary gardens the vegetable break is sure to contain a plantation of some members of the *Brassica* or Cabbage family. How these should attract the magpie moth, which is greatly destructive to the foliage of gooseberry bushes, is not very plain, but the opposite. The fact is, however, well known that where no cabbages are grown, magpie moths are rarely seen; but where cabbages are grown, magpie moths are frequently abundant, and do great damage, by eating the leaves of gooseberry bushes, as a consequence of which, the fruit attains a smaller size, and its flavour is deteriorated. The caterpillars certainly may be destroyed by the application of hellebore over the foliage; or they may be picked by the hand from the leaves and killed, the easiest way of doing this being to throw them into a pail of water, where they soon perish. But most people refuse to apply hellebore, from a natural dislike to handle poisons, and from the idea that traces of the poison might be found on the berries when

they became ripe. And people in general dislike to touch caterpillars; even boys would require to be liberally bribed to do such a thing. Hence, as the bushes grew old and were rooted out, people have thought it not worth while to replace them, and gooseberries have in many cases completely disappeared from gardens.

Another reason for the diminished cultivation of gooseberries is the greatly increased and growing taste for flowers that has spread through all classes of the community, the consequence of which has been that no room in many cases could be found but for the floral favourites, the culture of which engrossed entirely the time and attention of the owner of the garden. Further, for a long time there had been little improvement or change in the varieties of gooseberries in general cultivation. Those mostly found in gardens were: the Early Sulphur or Golden Lion, a favourite variety of Scotch origin, much used for preserves, and pleasant eating sort, besides being the earliest kind to ripen; the Hedgehog, a very excellent eating sort; various sorts of red gooseberries, small in size, and used in making preserves; the Red Warrington, an English variety, keeping a long time on the bush when protected from birds, and fitted for dessert as well as for jam. Other varieties were: Crown Bob, a large red berry; the Gascon, a small green fruit, mostly grown for children. These sorts, with a few local favourites, made up the list of varieties usually found in gardens. The Whitesmith, a delicious berry, of great size and first-rate quality, was well enough known, but not much grown, being a bad keeping sort, the berries requiring to be eaten the same day they were picked, unless stored in some cool place.

The popularity and cultivation of this useful fruit has in late years been much increased by the introduction of a new sort known as Whinham's Industry. This is a vigorous growing kind, producing fruit in extraordinary abundance, and, when the berries are fully ripe, of the highest quality. A large grower in the north of England, discovering the value of this gooseberry, increased his plantation of it till he had many acres of this kind alone. As he made a large amount of money by the sale of this particular gooseberry, the notice of other growers was drawn to the value of the Industry, and the consequence has been that enormous numbers have been planted. More than two million bushes of this gooseberry are computed to have been sold by nurserymen within the last ten years, and the number propagated by other parties must also be very great. No other gooseberry can show, or is ever likely to show, a record like this. Though the fruit is of the highest quality when fully ripe, yet in some years, the fruit before being fully ripe is of very inferior flavour.

This fact is illustrated by the following story. A gentleman travelling a few years ago in the month of July in the north of England, had his attention drawn to a new sort of gooseberry as being an excellent kind for dessert. Upon trial, he found the fruit deserved all the praise it got, and he made up his mind to have a break in his garden filled with young bushes of this grand

new sort in the following autumn. This was done; and for two or three years the results were watched with the keenest interest by the gentleman and his head-gardener. Both were perfectly satisfied with the new gooseberry as deserving all that had been said in its favour. But it slowly dawned upon the gentleman's mind that the flavour, colour, and size of the new gooseberry were not new to him, and that it was just an old sort that he had directed his gardener more than twelve years before to root out and commit to the flames, on account of its inferior flavour. Upon comparing notes with his gardener, he found that the same idea had fixed itself in his mind also, and both were perfectly satisfied that this new gooseberry was just the outcast of a dozen years before. This was verified when the gentleman compared his new bushes of the Industry gooseberry with some bushes of the same old outcast variety which were in existence in the garden of a cottager who had purchased them at the same time as the gentleman had bought his original bushes, and from the same nurseryman.

The drawback that the fruit of the Industry is unpalatable when ripening until that process is complete, when it is of most enticing excellence, is only partially a drawback, as people are kept from partaking of the fruit till it is at its very best.

Those who feel inclined to go in for gooseberry culture on a small scale cannot do better than follow the example of those who have bought and planted the two millions of Industry bushes already mentioned; and if they do not confine their selection to this single variety, they will certainly do well to include it among the sorts they select for planting. As the fruit is large, it is recommended to ease the bushes when the fruit is green by removing a considerable amount of the crop for cooking purposes. In doing this, the berries on the branches nearest the ground ought to be taken. If it is allowed to remain, it is certain to get dirtied and spoiled, owing to the weight of the fruit bearing the branches to the ground. When the fruit has thus been thinned, the remainder grows to a greater size.

In planting gooseberries, care should be taken not to put the roots too deep. This is frequently done, as, when the planter considers the stem too long, he will make the hole for the new bush a few inches deeper, and in this way have his plant above ground at the height he prefers. But he will find that his bush will for some years carry little or no fruit. In these years, nature is working out her own way; a set of new roots is being formed about six inches above the original ones; and when these have grown numerous and strong enough to support the bush with proper food, it will then bear fruit, but not before. Such a plant, if lifted out of the earth, presents a strange appearance with its two tiers of roots. It is best in such a case to cut away the under tier altogether, closely below the upper tier, then to replant the bush, and cover up the roots with fresh soil, if possible. In planting young bushes, it is best to procure four or five year-old plants; these will cost a little more than

the three-year-old bushes commonly put in, but they will give more satisfaction in the long-run. Having been trained to a proper shape in the nursery-grounds, they will require little further training for years. These, put in from the middle of October to the middle of November, ought to bear a fair crop of fruit the first year. When they begin to make extra vigorous growth, do not prune them, but lift the bushes and replant them. This gives them a check, and keeps them from making strong growth. If they continue to bear good crops, and make only moderate growth, pruning should not be resorted to; only care should be taken that the thin straggling branches should be removed, as well as the other branches which need to be taken away to admit air and sunshine. The bushes should be kept in fertility by manure laid on the surface of the ground above the roots; it should never be dug in. Fresh strong soil would do as well as manure, and a top-dressing of soot over this would improve the quality of the fruit, and keep away noxious pests of the caterpillar tribe.

The leaves of some sorts of gooseberries are infested by red-spider, which, partly destroying the leaves, prevents them from performing their due functions in assisting the ripening of the fruit. The best way of dealing with this insect is by imparting extra vigour to the foliage, which can be done by watering the soil around the bushes with a moderately strong solution of nitrate of soda. This renders the foliage vigorous and of an extra dark-green hue; and the destructive work of the red-spider is stayed to a great extent. With strong healthy green foliage, the berries are increased in size, and their flavour improved.

The Whitesmith has been already mentioned as a berry of delicious flavour. The style of growth of this gooseberry lends itself naturally to wall-culture; when so trained, the fruit is ripened earlier. Another sort that may be specially recommended for wall-culture is called Queen of Trumps. It is inferior in flavour to the Whitesmith, but it surpasses the latter very much in size. This kind deserves to be grown in every garden for the pleasure it invariably gives to children to get a few of its enormous berries. Its size is so great, that instead of eating it at once, the little ones prefer to find their pleasure in admiring the fruit, putting it again and again to their lips, withdrawing it, looking at it, and repeating these manœuvres times without number before swallowing it. The advantage of growing the Queen of Trumps on the wall is, that there the fruit is least likely to burst in wet weather, which often happens when the bush is grown in the open ground.

The value of gooseberries eaten uncooked when fully ripe has not been referred to. They are, when partaken of freely, a valuable agency in repelling indigestion. In the busy town and the crowded city, Paterfamilias could give no better treat to the youngsters on Saturday afternoons in summer than to take them a walk of two or three miles out into the country, where, in some cottage garden, young and old could pick the fruit for themselves, and enjoy it with a zest unknown to them when confined to the

enjoyment of berries purchased in fruiters' shops in town. Opportunities for this would be freely given by cottagers in the country, in return for a small sum; and these treats—a source of great enjoyment at the time—would often come up to their minds in winter, as the great events of the summer.

#### THE HEIRESS OF GOLDEN FALLS.

By HEADON HILL.

THE ramshackle coach, whose only claim to dignity lay in the fact that it carried the United States mails, pulled up with a jerk in front of the 'hotel.' The place was welcome as the first habitation we had passed for miles; otherwise, it didn't amount to much. So far as I could see in the gray gloom of scarce broken dawn, it consisted of a log cabin with an inverted hog's head set in the doorway as an *al fresco* bar, round which some half-dozen miners were clustered for a morning dram.

While I was wondering whether a cup of decent coffee was within the capabilities of the hostelry, the guard came to the door and addressed me. 'If you're bound for Golden Falls, Judge,' he said, 'there's two ways open to you. Some of the boys have come in from there with a load of dust for us to take to the Bank at Parson's City. You can either go back with them in the mule-cart—a matter of fifteen mile—or you can go on in the coach, and we'll drop you at Blackman's Corner. From there it's a roughish tramp of ten mile to Golden Falls.'

Without a moment's hesitation, I decided to go on in the coach, and walk the ten miles. I merely changed my position from the inside, where I had spent the night as sole passenger, to the box seat next the driver. This would be preferable, I thought, to a fifteen-mile drive in a jolting mule-cart in the company of roughish strangers, who were showing an inclination to celebrate the despatch of their precious earnings by frequent rounds of rye whisky.

The boxes of gold-dust were soon hoisted into the coach, and, amid cheers from the assembled miners, we started on our lonely road again. The route lay for a few miles through rugged boulder-strewn country, thickly interspersed with pine-trees. At a spot called Blackman's Corner it debouched into an open plain, and it was at this juncture of the rocky ground with the prairie that I was to be set down. The one-eyed guard, with whom I was by this time pretty friendly, had just announced our approach to the Corner, and I was rummaging for my valise, with a view to departure, when two masked men stepped quietly out of the rocks, one on either side of the road, and with rifles levelled, shouted the dreaded cry of 'Hands up!'

'Rond-agents, by thunder!' said the guard, holding his arms high above his head.—'It's no go, Mike,' he called to the driver; 'they've got the fair drop on us; better pull up and save our skins.'

The horses were pulled almost on to their haunches. One of the men kept his rifle levelled at the driver's head, while the other advanced to

the side of the coach and shouted: 'Now then, guard, look alive, and hand out the dust; sixteen packages. You see I've got the office straight, so it's no good your trying to come the bluff.'

'If I hadn't laid down my gun to help the passenger with his baggage, you'd never have got the drop on us, I guess,' said the guard ruefully. But he did as he was bid, and one by one the sixteen little oilskin packages were thrown on the ground in front of the robber. He gathered them into a sack, while the other robber kept his rifle ready. There was no chance for any of us to get to our pistols, though I saw the guard's fingers twitching and the whites of his eyes glisten as his glance turned downwards to his belt. It was all over in no time, and the sack was removed to the road-side. I was beginning to congratulate myself that I was not personally to be a victim, when the man who had filled the sack returned to the coach and dispelled my illusion by saying: 'Now, mister, your dollars, please. Don't put me to the trouble of coming up there to go through you.'

There was nothing else for it but to submit. I took out a roll of notes and handed them down. There was no use in trying to conceal any of them with that pair of sharp eyes searching me from the slits in the mask. But the proceeding had the effect of leaving me practically penniless in a strange land, two thousand miles from a friend. With the exception of a ten-dollar bill, which I remembered was in my waistcoat pocket, I had no resources nearer than New York.

'Better help ourselves to a nag apiece, Bill,' said the more active of the two to the one at the horses heads. 'See here; keep your shooting-iron handy while I do the trick.'

In a moment the two leaders—one a dappled gray, and the other a bald-faced chestnut—were detached from the team. The sack was flung on the back of one of them, and the two horses were led away behind a bluff. They were no sooner out of sight than the other man, who had watched us the while, began to retreat backwards in the direction his companion had taken. He, too, disappeared; and then for the first time for ten minutes we knew what it was to exist without the sensation of a loaded Winchester threatening us at point-blank range.

The driver and the guard set about adapting the cut harness to the two remaining horses; which done, the lumbering vehicle started at a crawl to return to the hotel to replace the stolen steeds, leaving me alone to make the best of my way to Golden Falls. The guard's directions were very simple: 'Point your nose to the west, and keep right on till you git thar.'

And while I am taking my lonely tramp, it may be well to explain how it was that I, Arthur Saltmarshe, a young English barrister, came to find myself in the wilds of the Black Hills, where 'road-agents' and 'shooting-irons' were quite commonplace affairs. Just before the commencement of that Long Vacation, I had seen an advertisement in one of the newspapers which informed the next of kin of the

late Leonard Saltmarshe of New York that he would 'hear of something to his advantage' by applying to Wilkins & Crowdy, attorneys-at-law in that city. To the best of my belief, I was that individual, Leonard Saltmarshe having been my father's only brother. We had never heard of his marriage, and, to the day of his death, my father had asserted that his brother Leonard would have a pile to leave behind him some day. All I knew of my uncle was that he was an eccentric young man, who had gone to America years before I was born. My father and he seldom communicated.

I wrote at once to Wilkins & Crowdy, and by return mail received a civil reply to the effect that my uncle had died suddenly without a will, leaving property to the amount of two million dollars behind him. They were quite prepared to entertain my claim, in the absence of any other applicant; all they wanted was to be furnished with the necessary proofs; and they hinted that, considering the amount at stake, it would be worth my while to run across to New York in person. The idea of spending the vacation in this way pleased me. My father had left me well off; so, whether the inheritance proved to be mine or no, I could well afford the holiday jaunt. I took the next Cunard boat, and on landing, went straight to the offices of the attorneys.

But here a surprise was in store for me. The very morning of my arrival in New York, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy had received a letter passing in a claim to the property from another applicant. The letter was dated from Golden Falls, which the lawyers believed was a mushroom mining camp in the Black Hills district; and it purported to come from one Luke Saltmarshe, who said he was a son of Leonard Saltmarshe as the result of a marriage contracted by the latter when 'out West' twenty-eight years before. His mother, he went on to say, was dead, and he was the only child. In the face of this new claim, Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy, though thoroughly recognising my position, very properly determined to know more of this latest applicant before coming to any decision. They had written to Mr Luke Saltmarshe for proofs, just as they had written to me, and expected to get an answer any time within six weeks. It was impossible to say how long a letter would take in reaching such an out-of-the-world place as Golden Falls.

I chose my own course at once. I explained to the attorneys that I was well off, and only desired that justice should be done. If this young man were really my uncle Leonard's son, by all means let him have the property. But I had no relations living, and quite apart from the matter in hand, it would please me much to make my cousin's acquaintance. My time being my own, I therefore proposed myself to go to Golden Falls and see him, quite in a friendly way, and thoroughly prepared to recognise his claim. My legal training, I said, might even be of some use to him in helping him to procure the proofs which were necessary.

Messrs Wilkins & Crowdy confessed that they did not like my project. A trip to the Black

Hills was no joke, they said ; and if by any chance Luke Saltmarshe was an impostor, my life even might not be safe in that wild region. Better, at any rate, wait for his reply. These objections I over-ruled, and started for the West that same evening.

Thus it was that on the day the Parson's City mail-coach was robbed I was approaching Golden Falls with nothing but a change of clothes and a solitary ten-dollar note. At the end of ten miles the path suddenly dipped over the brink of a ravine, down the centre of which a mountain torrent was brawling. Perched among the rocks below on the brink of the stream were some twoscore log cabins, with a few tents here and there, to denote that Golden Falls was a thing of to-day, but not of yesterday. All down the course of the brook were the 'cradles' for washing out the gold, and I could see the various claims with their heaps of dirt on either bank. But they seemed to be all deserted. Spades and picks were lying here and there, as if cast aside in a hurry.

It struck me as strange—this abandonment of work in the middle of the day—the more so as I could hear the hum of men's voices raised, I thought, in angry discussion. Looking again, I saw that there was a crowd round the largest of the cabins about the centre of the row, above which a flag floated bearing the device, 'Ben Baldwin's Saloon.' It flashed upon me in a moment. The miners had heard of the robbery of their gold-dust.

When I reached the saloon, I found that I was right. Three of the miners whom I had seen at the wayside 'hotel' had just arrived with the news of the coach's forlorn return. Round the doorway of the saloon an excited throng of slouch-hatted, red-shirted miners were lamenting and vowed vengeance. I elbowed my way into the saloon, and, having been posted in the customs of the West, pulled out my ten-dollar bill to 'treat the crowd' inside. This method of self-introduction left me with only a dollar or two in my pocket.

The excitement was increased when it became known that I had been the solitary passenger in the mail-coach. Many were the questions I had to answer as to the appearance of the masked robbers ; but I could throw but little light on that. Almost any of the men before me would have resembled them, given the addition of a crape mask.

It was not for full half an hour that I was able to think of my own affairs. Then I asked the landlord if he knew where Luke Saltmarshe was to be found.

'I guess he's totin' around somewhere jawing about the road-agents,' he replied.—'Any of you boys seen Luke this morning ?' he added, turning to the throng before the bar.

'Luke started for Parson's City at sunrise,' said one of the miners. 'Expect he'll be back by supper-time.'

I explained to the landlord that I had come from New York to see Saltmarshe on a matter of business.

'Well,' said Mr Baldwin, 'I reckon you'd best get along to his shanty ; it's fourth from here as you go down stream ; maybe his sister

will fix you up something to eat while you wait.'

Here was a revelation ! Luke Saltmarshe with a sister ! I distinctly remembered that he had described himself in the letter to the lawyers as an only child. Was there something wrong about my unknown cousin, after all ?

I thanked the landlord, and turned my steps towards the cabin he had indicated. It was larger than most of its neighbours, and there was an air of neatness about it which would have suggested woman's presence, even if I had not heard of it. A dusky half-breed Indian boy of about fifteen was just entering the cabin with a bucket of water as I approached, and at the same moment a white arm appearing in the doorway relieved the boy of his load.

I cannot describe Naomi as I saw her then for the first time ; I only know that I looked upon the most beautiful woman my eyes have ever seen. Tall and fair, and with a stately dignity of her own, the picturesque simplicity of her frontier dress in no way clashed amid those surroundings with her natural grace. There was an air of refinement about Naomi which the roughest setting could not negative. She invited me in ; and without going into the object of my visit, I told her that I had reason to believe I was a relative.

To my wonder, a look of harassed fear came into her eyes. 'Tell me,' she said, 'is my father, Leonard Saltmarshe, living ?'

'Is it possible,' I exclaimed, 'that you do not know ? Your brother Luke knows. It is in consequence of a letter from him that I am here. Leonard Saltmarshe died two months ago.'

'Ah !' she said as if to herself, shuddering the while, I thought ; 'that explains it then—that explains it. It is as I feared.' Then she went on : 'Mr Saltmarshe—or may I call you cousin ?—there is a story which I must tell you before—before Luke returns. I am Leonard Saltmarshe's only child. Luke is neither his son nor my brother. He is my dead mother's nephew. But I was brought up to believe myself his sister, and it is only the other day that I learned the truth. He has known it all along.'

'But how is it,' I asked, 'that you are out here in the wilds ? Did not your father and mother live together ?'

'Only for two years after their marriage, which took place in Chicago. My mother always said that his temper was so violent that she could not stay with him. So she ran away, taking me with her, and supported herself as best she could by her needle. Luke was her sister's child, and mother took him when my aunt died. Then my mother died when I was twelve years old ; but first she gave me a little box, which I was not to open till I was twenty. I was twenty last May ; and when I opened the packet, I found a letter from my mother telling me that Luke was not my brother. I had no one to protect me, and she wanted me to think myself his sister. That was the reason she gave ; and she added, that when I was twenty, it would be right for me to know the truth.'

'So Luke has always known that you were not his sister, but you have only lately discovered it?' I said.

'Yes,' she answered; 'I have not told him yet that I know.'

'Am I right in supposing that you are afraid of Luke?' I asked.

She hesitated, and turned the question aside. Seeing the absolute necessity of gaining her confidence, I told her exactly how matters lay, and asked her what I had best do under the altered circumstances. We both agreed that the only safe course would be to treat Luke as if he were a genuine claimant for the present, and as if I and Naomi were still in ignorance of the truth. I was powerless to aid Naomi, or move myself, till I had obtained a remittance from my bankers in New York.

'Even without his knowing that we are aware of his designs, you will have to be careful,' said Naomi. 'Luke is dangerous if thwarted, and this is a lawless place.'

There was a firm step outside, and a young man strode into the cabin. He was of medium height, with sandy hair and complexion. He had a furtive look, and paused on the threshold to eye me askance.

'Luke, here is a cousin from England,' Naomi said; 'won't you bid him welcome?'

For a moment he hesitated, as if making up his mind. Then he came forward and gave me his hand. 'Glad to see you,' he said. 'Guess you've come over after the old man's dollars—that so?'

'Yes,' I said; 'but as I find another claim with more right than mine, I shall go home again quite contented.'

'That's all right, then,' said Luke; 'stay as long as you like, and make yourself comfortable. Naomi will fix you up.'

After this, he became more and more hospitable. He listened with an air of interest to my story of the coach robbery, and offered to lend me a few dollars till I heard from New York. But I said not a word to enlighten him as to my knowledge of his having claimed Leonard Saltmarsh's money for himself alone, without mentioning Naomi. I wished to try and fathom him without raising his suspicions. In the course of that evening's friendly conversation Luke informed us that he had been to Parson's City that morning to buy a horse.

The next few days passed quickly enough. Naomi and I became fast friends, and whenever she had the chance, she told me much of her early life. But Luke took care that we were seldom alone. He haunted the cabin, under the pretence of entertaining me, and pressed attentions which were almost servile. He avoided talking of his claim on the solicitors, but when obliged to speak of it, always inferred that Naomi was to share his good fortune. It was understood that I was to remain at any rate till the remittance for which I had written to New York arrived.

When I had been at Golden Falls three weeks, an incident occurred which had its effect on after-events. I came out of the cabin one morning and found Luke brutally thrashing Indian Joe, the half-breed boy who

fetched and carried for Naomi. In my horror at the cruel treatment, I called Luke a blackguard. To my surprise, he left the lad alone and apologised to me humbly, making some excuse about his temper. When I told Naomi of this, she was much agitated. Luke's civility she felt sure was dangerous.

The next day I was sitting alone in the cabin reading a week-old newspaper. Naomi had gone up the ravine to hunt for some herbs among the rocks; and Luke had started off after breakfast to his 'cradle' to wash for gold. Suddenly the door of the cabin burst open and Luke dashed in. 'For God's sake, cousin—he always called me cousin—get on my nag and ride for Doctor Bell at Parson's City. Naomi has fallen over a crag up yonder. I'm afraid her back is broken. She can't be moved, and I must get back to her right away.'

Horrified as I was, and anxious to go to her, there was no need for Luke to press me into the service. In two minutes I was mounted and listening to Luke's final instructions. 'Take the path you came by till you strike the coach-road,' he said; 'then along the road till you come to the City. Any one will tell you where the Doc. lives; bring him back at all risks, and ride like thunder.'

The sure-footed horse—a large rawboned chestnut—carried me safely up the rocky sides of the ravine. Once on the top, I dug my heels into his sides and made him gallop his best. The ground, though level, had a broken surface; but with Naomi lying there injured, perhaps fatally, what cared I for the risk of a broken neck. We flew along regardless of stones and the frequent burrows of prairie-dogs. I had reached a spot three miles from the coach-road when I thought I heard a shout. Looking round, I saw some twenty or thirty mounted men following in my tracks. They were galloping their hardest, and some of the best mounted were overhauling me. For a moment I wondered what it meant; had Naomi's peril started off the whole of Golden Falls in search of a doctor? That had nothing to do with me; I had promised to go to Parson's City, and whether I arrived there first or last, thither I would go. I sent my horse along with a will.

But there were fleet-footed than the chestnut behind me. As we entered the coach-road, three of my pursuers dashed alongside, and, before I could realise what they were doing, pointed their pistols at my head. 'Halt! you durned hoss-thief, or we'll down you,' cried one of the miners.

I pulled up to explain. Before I had opened my mouth, they had me off the horse. Two of them held me fast while the remainder of the party came straggling up.

'For heaven's sake,' I said, 'whatever blunder you are making over me, let one of you ride on for the doctor. It may be too late else.'

'It's uncommon little good a doctor will do you in this job, my lad,' said one of my captors. 'Here, Luke,' he added, as Naomi's *soi-disant* brother rode up on a borrowed steed, 'we've took him, you see.'

Luke came up to where I stood. 'What

does this mean?' I asked. 'You told me Naomi was hurt, and asked me to ride for the doctor.'

'That be hanged for a yarn; you had better tell that to the Court. You stole the horse, you dirty Tender-foot,' replied Luke, letting his pent-up hatred loose at last. I saw that I was trapped, but I rejoiced that Naomi's supposed fall was but part of Luke's device.

'Come, boys; form the Court,' said one of the older men; 'there's a handy tree on yonder bluff ready for the Britisher.'

Thus it was that I found myself on trial for my life—for horse-stealing is a hanging business in Dakota—before the dreaded Judge Lynch. Luke's perjured evidence was fatal. He swore that my story of having been sent for the doctor was false, that I had arrived at Golden Falls a mere penniless loafer, and that I had requited his charity by robbing him of his horse. I looked round on the rugged faces of my captors, and saw there was no hope for mercy. I was absolutely without proof of my innocence.

It was all over in five minutes. The Court pronounced me 'Guilty,' and I was told to say my prayers. But just as the sentence was uttered there was the clatter and rattle of wheels, and round Blackman's Corner came the Parson's City mail-coach—the self-same vehicle in which I had been victimised by the 'road-agents.'

The driver pulled up as he came abreast the crowd. I saw that my old acquaintance the one-eyed guard was in charge. He got down and strolled over to where the miner who had overtaken me was still holding the chestnut horse. 'Going to hang him, boys?' he asked after a moment's scrutiny.

'That's so,' was the reply.

'Where is the cuss?' asked the guard.

'That's him,' said one of the men, pointing to where I stood with my hands bound behind me.

The guard recognised me with a start. 'Pah!' he said, 'you're foolin'. That Britisher was along with us, a passenger, when the agents stuck us up. He couldn't have stole the horse, or the dust either, for the matter of that.'

'What do you mean?' asked the miner who had acted as judge; 'no one's talking about dust.'

'I am, though,' said the guard shortly. 'I tell you that that is the horse the road-agents lifted, and it stands to reason that the man as lifted the horse lifted your dust, don't it?'

There was a murmur of wrath among the miners. All eyes were turned on Luke. He began to move towards the edge of the crowd; but rough hands restrained him, and the leader said very quietly: 'You will have to show where you got that hoss, Luke, before you make tracks.'

'It ain't a matter of showin' where he got the hoss, I reckon,' said the guard; 'leastways, not altogether.—See! he's a button short in the centre of his shirt. Guess I can find the missing shiner to match; and he pulled out of his pocket a bright metal fancy button, engraved with a phoenix—the exact counterpart of the showy fastenings Luke wore in his hunting-shirt.

'Go on. What of that?' shouted the crowd. 'I picked up that button on the ground where we were robbed,' said the guard, 'right here by the corner. It got hitched off as the galoot cut the traces of that bald-faced chestnut. I saw it drop. I guess that ought to be enough for you.'

It was, 'What say you, boys, shall we hang him?' asked the judge; and amid a storm of 'Ays,' Luke was dragged, pale and trembling, to the tree. As the fatal spot was reached, he braced himself up with an effort and pointed to me. I was still bound between two of the men. 'Boys,' he said, 'if I tell you where the dust is hid, will you hang that cursed Englishman alongside me?'

'No! By gum, we wouldn't hang a dog on your evidence, you traitor, that sold your pals!' said the judge.—'Up with him, lads.'

It was not till a year later that, safe in the security of our English home, Naomi told me quite all there was to tell about Luke. She had reason to believe that in the interval between hearing of her father's death and my arrival, he had twice attempted her life—once by means of a reputed 'accident' with his revolver; and again by persuading her to cross the mountain torrent at a dangerous spot. In all probability my rash trip out West was the means of preserving the life as well as the fortune of the Heiress of Golden Falls. But I am more than repaid.

My character was fully re-established among the miners on our return to camp. The boy, Indian Joe, had overheard Luke pressing me to take the horse to ride for the doctor. Needless to say, Naomi's fall from the crag was a fiction designed to send me to a merciless death.

#### ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

PERHAPS nothing brings to mind more vividly the changes which the last Hundred Years have witnessed in England and the world generally than turning over the pages of a year-book for 1794. Such a volume recently fell into our hands, being purchased from a barrow in the Farringdon Road for the sum of sixpence. The book in question is the 'Royal Kalendar' for 1794, together with 'A Companion to the Royal Kalendar,' 'The East India Kalendar or Asiatic Register,' 'Rider's British Merlin,' and 'The Arms of the Peers, &c., of England, Scotland, and Ireland.' All these Kalendars are handsomely bound in red leather, stamped with gold, in one stout volume, six inches long, three and a half broad, and two deep. Formerly, it had clasps, but these have disappeared. In all probability, the different Kalendars were thus bound for the convenience of some public man who felt the need of a comprehensive book of reference. It must have been purchased at the sale of some gentleman's library, being labelled 'Lot 346'; while inside the first page the mark 4s. shows that the Farringdon Road barrow was not the first place where it was exposed to sale second-hand. Before noticing the contents of this guide

to Europe in general and Great Britain in particular one hundred years ago—the Kalendar, be it noted, bears the legend, 'Corrected to the 26th of April 1794'—it is worth while pointing out that it is the direct ancestor of the Royal Kalendar of to-day, and that the J. Debrett who published it was publisher also of 'Debrett's Peerage,' a work now in its one hundred and eighty-first year of publication. The 'Arms' part of the volume was published by T. Longman, a name still honoured among the chief publishing houses of England; so that while we shall presently see that many changes have taken place in this country since 1794, some of the publishing houses in the front rank then maintain their proud position up to the present time.

Let us first see what the Kalendar tells us of the political state of this kingdom a century since, and to do this let us note the composition of the Houses of Parliament in 1794, 'the seventeenth Parliament of Great Britain' for as yet Ireland had its own Parliament. We find that the House of Lords then consisted of but 264 members, counting several minors. There were 4 Princes of the Blood, including the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York (he who had ten thousand men, and 'marched them up the hill, and then marched them down again'), 20 Dukes, 9 Marquises, 88 Earls, 13 Viscounts, 88 Barons, 16 Scotch Peers, and 26 Prelates. The Bishopric 'in the gift of the Athol family,' 'Sodor and Man,' did not then, as it may do now, confer a right to sit (though without the power of voting) in the Peers' Chamber, for the Isle of Man was regarded as an 'independent dependency.' Among the Dukedoms are three which have since become extinct—Ancaster, Bridgewater, and Dorset; and several of the Earldoms, &c., have also lapsed or become dormant. Nevertheless, most of the families still flourish, and find representatives in the Upper House to-day.

The House of Commons then had 558 members, made up as follows: 40 Counties in England, 80 Knights; 25 Cities (Ely, none; London, 4), 50 Citizens; 167 Boroughs (two each), 334 Burgesses; 5 Boroughs, one Burgess each; two Universities, four Burgesses; eight Cinque Ports, 16 Barons; 12 Counties in Wales, 12 Knights; 12 Boroughs, 12 Burgesses; the Shires of Scotland, 30 Knights; the Boroughs of Scotland, 15 Burgesses—making a sum-total of 558. All the members were Protestants, in virtue of an Act passed during the scare caused by the 'discovery' of the supposed Popish Plot by Titus Oates. The same rule applied to Ireland, where there were in the Irish House of Lords 185 members; and in the Irish House of Commons, 300.

Most interesting is it to look at the list of members of the House of Commons, and to note the places which then sent 'representatives' to Parliament. Addington, who sat for Abingdon, was then Speaker; Pitt was Prime Minister and member for Cambridge University; Charles James Fox was returned for the city of Westminster; William Wilberforce, the slave-trade abolitionist, was one of the two members for the County of Yorkshire; Henry Dundas, Secretary of State for the Home De-

partment, represented Edinburgh City; St Andrew St John was one of the members for Bedfordshire; Edmund Burke was M.P. for Malton; Somers Cocks for Ryegate; and R. B. Sheridan for Stafford; whilst among the ordinary run of members occur such familiar names as Anstruther, Balfour, Baring, Beaufoy, Bouvierie, Bruce, Brixton, Cavendish, Courtenay, Curzon, Dalkeith, Ferguson, Grosvenor, Harcourt, Heneage, Knatchbull, Lowther, Luttrell, Norman M'Leod, Peel, Spencer, Sykes, Trevethan, Whitbread, Wemyss, and Wyndham. It is worth while to note that to-day representatives of nearly all the families named have seats in the House of Commons, some for the very same towns as in 1794, showing that the old Houses still hold their own despite the advance of democracy. Chief among the members of the Irish Parliament a hundred years since was Henry Grattan, who sat for Trinity College; Sir John Parnell sat for Queen's County, and Lord Edward Fitzgerald for Kildare.

Among the places which then sent members to Parliament were Minehead, 2; Old Sarum, 2; Gatton, in Surrey, 2; Winchelsea, 2; a whole host of little towns in Cornwall (this county, including its boroughs, had 44 members in all; while Yorkshire had but 30), Agmondeham, Bucks (2), Bearalston, Devon (2), Corfe Castle and Bramber, Sussex. The Lord Mayor of London was one of the members for Southwark. Such towns as Manchester and Birmingham, rising places even then, returned no members.

The statistics concerning the House of Commons and the qualifications carrying a vote (they are given in the Companion) are very instructive. The qualification for voting differed in almost every electoral district. Perhaps the most interesting part of this section is the estimate given of the number of electors in the boroughs. In some cases one elector returned two members to Parliament; thus, 'W. C. Medlycott, Esquire,' sent two gentlemen to the House of Commons to sit for Melbourne Port, and Mr Fownes Luttrell two for Minehead (including himself). Other boroughs, such as Gatton, Droitwich, &c., had two electors. On the other hand, the city of Westminster with ten thousand electors only sent two men to the Commons. Aldborough in Suffolk had 80 electors; the town of the same name in Yorkshire, 57; Andover, 24; Banbury, 19; Bath, 30 (in these towns and in many others the Mayor and Common Council alone had the right to vote); Bossiney, 20; Bristol City, 5000; Buckingham, 13; Canterbury, 1000; Coventry, 2400; Dunwich, 40; Higham-Ferrers, 145; Lyme-Regis, 50; Rye, 7; New Romney, 11; Old Sarum, 7; New Sarum, 56; London (the City), 7000; Marlborough, 7; Sandwich, 500; Taunton (the voters here are inhabitants of the borough, being potwallers), 300; Winchelsea, 40; Yarmouth (Norfolk), 730; and Yarmouth (Hampshire), 13.

Of scarcely less interest than the political information given is the list of officers in the army and navy. England was then engaged in that great struggle which only ended at Waterloo. The year 1794 was the year of Admiral Howe's great victory at Brest 'on the glorious 1st of

June,' and his name figures conspicuously in the Navy List. Among the captains is the entry, 'H. Nelson, June 11, 1779,' being the date when Lord Nelson took post rank. Nelson was then in command of the *Agamemnon*, a ship carrying 64 guns. Earl Howe, 'Vice-admiral of England, and Lieutenant of the Admiralty thereof,' is allowed twenty shillings per day, and ten shillings per month for sixteen servants. The Admirals having no other title are described as Esquires. To this day it is the custom on ships of the royal navy to address the officers not by the rank they hold, but as 'Mr' (pronounced on board ship 'Muster') So-and-so. The navy in 1794 consisted of 157 Ships 'of the line,' 22 'Fifties,' 142 Frigates, and 122 Sloops, &c. Many of the ships had been captured in war from the French, Spanish, Dutch, and Americans.

Before taking leave of the services, we may say that we fail to find the Duke of Wellington's name in the Army List. It was the year he joined the Duke of York in the Netherlands expedition, and not yet having attained the rank of Major—the lowest degree given in the Kalendar—we miss the name of the Hon. Arthur Wellesley.

It is a matter of some surprise to find the name of many institutions still in vigorous life in the pages of the Kalendar. The officers of State and the Household (such as Poet-laureate Henry James Pye, Esquire, £100; and Harpsichord Maker John Broadwood) we naturally expect to find chronicled; but not all of us remember the age of some of our best-known institutions and societies the members of which are given in our book. There is the Royal Academy of Arts (Benjamin West, Esquire, President), which in 1794 was, it appears, twenty-six years old. The British Museum was fifteen years older than the Academy; the Royal Society (Sir Joseph Banks was President in 1794) dates from 1663. First among the trading companies is put the Bank of England; next comes the East India Company; then the South Sea Company; the Company of Merchants Trading to Africa, the Levant, Russia; Eastland and Hudson's Bay Companies. In the list of London bankers we find the names of Barclays & Tritton; Biddulph, Cocks, & Co.; Boldero, Child, Coutts, Drummond, Lubbock; Glyn, Mills, & Co.; Hankey, Herries, Hoare, Martin, Prescott, Robarts & Smith, Payne & Smiths. The offices of nearly all these eminent firms are to-day where they were a hundred years since. Among the assurance offices then in existence were the Royal Exchange, the Sun Fire Office, the Hand-in-Hand, and the Phoenix. Among the list of charitable institutions we notice the 'Laudable Society for the Benefit of Widows,' and the 'British Society for the Encouragement of Good Servants, Instituted November 23, 1792, at No. 27 Haymarket.'

England's colonial possessions were not so numerous then as now. In America (the United States had already been lost) we possessed Upper and Lower Canada, Newfoundland, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia; and many of the West India Islands. We possessed besides, Cape Coast Castle and New South Wales. 'The rest is silence.'

In the chronology of remarkable events we find that after the Creation, the Flood, the destruction of Sodom and of Troy, comes the building of London, which is put down at 1107 B.C., or fifty-seven years before the building of Rome. The last two events recorded are the assassination of the king of Sweden (1792) and the beheading of the king of France (1793). This last entry is not the only testimony which the Kalendar bears to the political changes which were then agitating Europe. Just as 'Whitaker' to-day devotes a section to the description of foreign countries, the Kalendar has 'Short Sketch of the Political Geography of Europe.' Denmark and Norway were then under one sovereignty, and of the laws prevailing there we read that all cases which do not come within the cognisance of the code established by Frederick III., are 'determined by the law of nature.' Of the States of Sweden we read 'they are now at the nod of the king.' In describing the sad state of Poland, the writer dwells on the unhappy partition of that country by Catharine II. of Russia and Frederick IV. of Prussia, then an event of quite recent history. Count Poniatowski (Stanislaus II.), a former favourite of the Empress, was still on the throne; but he was forced to resign the following year. Germany 'may be considered a grand confederacy of above three hundred independent sovereign princes,' acknowledging an elective superior in the person of the Emperor. Among the electors is the Elector of Brunswick-Hanover (the king of Great Britain). Concerning the electorate of Hanover, we are told 'No Government could be more mild, and an air of content is visible in the countenance of every inhabitant.' From the description of Spain we take the following significant passage: 'The people's knowledge of religion may be collected from the levity and absurdity of their worship, which is replete with such gross offences against sense and decency as even to displease the Catholics of other nations. Here the Inquisition reigns in all its terror, and threatens the life and liberty of all who deviate from the established faith.'

Coming to France, the chronicler notes the overthrow of the monarchy and the establishment of a Republic in this 'singularly metamorphosed State.' We have also accounts of Sardinia, the Two Sicilies, the Pope's States, and Venice. Of Great Britain it is said: 'The persevering industry and great mechanical ingenuity of its inhabitants have given it decidedly the first place in Europe as a commercial and manufacturing country.' This, be it remembered, was written at the time when Watt was still carrying out his experiments for steam-navigation.

Last country of all treated of is Ireland. The following passage, though written in 1794, is not without significance at the present time: 'The indulgences lately granted to the Roman Catholics in this country, and their enjoyment, with others, of the protection and toleration of the laws, are instances of the soundest policy, which cannot fail of drawing after it a multitude of national advantages, in the exclusion of which, the selfish spirit of unrelenting bigotry so prevalent among the

contending sects had for a length of time proved almost uniformly successful.'

We have left ourselves no space to deal with the East India Kalendar, which is a very complete guide to 'Bengal, Madras, Bombay, Fort-Marlborough, China, and St Helena,' and full of interest with its lists of 'free inhabitants,' senior and junior merchants, &c. Indeed, it gives the names of every European in India, as far as they were under the dominion of England—a task possible a hundred years ago, but one which would appal any directory compiler now.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It cannot be said that the meeting of the British Association at Oxford this year has been worthy of note for the publication of any remarkable advance in science; but at the same time it must be admitted that great interest is attached to many of the papers and observations brought before it. The first place must certainly be given to the discovery by Lord Rayleigh and Professor Ramsay of a new constituent of the atmosphere. This discovery was brought about by the observation of a difference of density in nitrogen separated from the atmosphere and that obtained from other sources. The new element, if it be an element, and not a compound body, has a spectrum giving a single blue line, which is much more pronounced than the corresponding line in the spectrum of nitrogen.

The meeting of the British Association of 1894 will also be memorable for the attention given to the subject of flying-machines. Mr Maxim's machine is stated to be a marvel of ingenuity, and, unlike other flying-machines, of which we have all of us heard a great deal from time to time, it will fly. The difficulty seems to be not in making it rise in the atmosphere, but to control it when it has risen. Mr Maxim, in the paper which he read, said that it was a mistake to suppose that flying-machines could be made to carry freight and passengers. They were expensive to make, and must be dangerous to navigate, and the engineer in control should be an acrobat as well. The flying-machine would be for the arts of war, and not for peace, and machines with one thousand horse-power or more might possibly be able to travel more than a thousand miles with the fuel they would be able to carry. These not too sanguine expectations by Mr Maxim will be valuable to those who are apt to run away with the idea that the conquest of the air has at last been accomplished.

The British Mercantile Marine is to be congratulated on the fact that one of its members, Captain S. T. S. Lecky, R.N.R., has just issued the ninth edition of his most valuable nautical work entitled *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*. Navigational guides there are in abundance, but not one of them so cleverly fulfils its purpose as that of Captain Lecky. Written by a seaman for seamen, it is redolent of the salt sea, and should be on the book-shelf of every navigator

worthy of the name. Every difficulty in practical navigation likely to crop up in actual work at sea is dealt with clearly yet concisely; and although mathematics is ignored, the proofs of the various problems leave nothing to be desired on the score of exactness. Every seafarer will find much to learn from this seaman-like work on practical navigation, and our merchant navy is much indebted to Captain Lecky for his painstaking endeavour to make straight the paths of his hard-worked brethren. Messrs Philip & Son of London and Liverpool are the publishers of this *magnum opus*.

Messrs Cross, Bevan, & Beadle, who are well known as experimental chemists, discovered, some months ago, a new class of substances which are derived from cellulose, which seem destined to have various industrial applications of a most important kind. The new material can be procured (1) As a solution which it is believed will form a substitute for glue, which can be used for cloth-sizing, paper-sizing, and as a vehicle for pigment-printing. (2) As a dense solid mass having much the appearance of ebonite, which can be turned, worked in any direction, will bear a high polish, and can be used for a variety of articles including insulators. (3) In the form of films or sheets, including a transparent variety which can be used for photographic purposes in lieu of glass. (4) As films or sheets attached to cloth, for bookbinding, upholstery, and a variety of purposes. And (5) In a porous state for the manufacture of artificial sponges and other articles. The solution will also lend itself to admixture with various foreign substances, which much increases its usefulness. Full particulars of this valuable new addition to the resources of the manufacturer will be found in the August number of the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*, Philadelphia.

A curious operation may be seen in progress at the works of Messrs Cornell of New York, who have erected on the banks of the Hudson River a complete plant for heating and dipping in the salt water of the river steel plates which are intended for burglar-proof safes. By this salt-water treatment, the plates are rendered harder and better in other respects than if they were cooled in fresh water. The building of burglar-proof safes is now carried to a degree of scientific perfection which will hardly be credited. The plates employed are of a compound character, being made of alternate layers of hard and soft metal which are welded together. By such a combination the plates will yield neither to drill nor sledge-hammer; and the burglar's efforts to break through them are futile. One safe now being built has an outer cage, made of railroad iron interlaced, the interstices being filled in with Portland cement.

It has often been remarked that the first paper-manufacturer was the wasp, and the observation that the little insect makes its paper from wood probably led to the formation of the wood-pulp industry. From a recent number of the *Board of Trade Journal* it would seem that this industry in Norway is in the most flourishing condition, the demand for the pulp being constantly on the increase, and the

price of the material therefore rising. Both in Norway and Sweden the number of factories is being added to, and the production for the current year is already sold at remunerative prices. There are at the present time fifty-nine wood-pulp factories in Norway, one of which manufactures casks, three make cardboard, and ten make paper. The total Norwegian product for the year 1893, including a certain proportion of Swedish pulp, amounted to two hundred and thirty thousand tons. These figures relate to what is known as mechanical pulp only, the chemical wood-pulp coming under another category.

The present great demand for paper, owing chiefly to the increase in periodical literature, has attracted renewed attention to a valuable fibre-producing plant known as Sisal. This plant was introduced into the Bahamas from Yucatan about forty years ago, and has found such a congenial soil there that it has flourished to a surprising extent. Exaggerated accounts have been published as to the profits to be reaped from its extended cultivation; but, according to those best able to judge, it can only yield under favourable conditions a moderate return for capital invested in it. As to the excellence of the fibre, there is no doubt whatever; but there are now so many materials from which paper-pulp can be made, that no one in particular can command an outside price.

An habitual railway traveller knows, as well as does the engine-driver, that a head-wind has often to be reckoned with as a preventive of punctuality, and it has occurred to most persons that the present blunt end of a locomotive in opposing such a broad surface to the air must to a great extent diminish speed and cause unnecessary consumption of fuel. Nature has constructed birds as well as fishes of such a form that their bodies offer the least possible resistance to the media in which they move, and man has acknowledged the correctness of the design in the construction of boats. The Paris, Lyons, and Mediterranean Railway have determined to test the value of the same principle for vehicles which cleave the air at the speed of birds, and they have ordered to be built forty engines with a metal prow in front, which shall enclose funnel, dome, and fire-box. The experiment is an interesting one, and it seems curious that it has not been tried before.

In July last, a new electric cable was laid in the bed of the Atlantic Ocean in the surprisingly short period of twelve days. And cable-laying has now become such a common matter that the event has not excited one hundredth part of the sensation created by the insignificant electric wire which was laid across the Strait of Dover in 1851. Since that date, the manufacture of cables has advanced by leaps and bounds, and the new Atlantic one may be regarded as the finest ever made. It is worthy of note that Great Britain has almost a monopoly of the world's ocean wires, the English companies controlling more than one hundred and fifty thousand miles of cable. Government has encouraged this form of enterprise; and in return, Imperial and Colonial despatches must have priority over all others

when required. We have now no fewer than ten cables communicating directly with America, while our French neighbours have only one.

It has long been a tradition among railway engineers that the ends of rails must be separated by a certain space, so as to allow for expansion of the iron in the heat of summer, and for its contraction in winter. This idea, which is based on theory, would seem to be erroneous in practice, for a company in America which proposes to apply electric welding to rails, has proved the contrary by the experimental joining-up of fifteen hundred feet of track. In welding a joint, the company makes use of a travelling plant containing the necessary electrical apparatus. The joint in the rails where the weld is to be made is first brightened up on all sides by a revolving emery wheel. Plates of metal are then applied on either side, and the whole is secured between two powerful jaws. The electric current is next caused to traverse the joint; and the ends of the rails and the attached pieces of metal are speedily brought to a white-heat. At the right moment, power is applied to the jaws, which give the joint a mighty squeeze, with the result that when the metal cools, no trace of a joint is visible. The system is considered to be of special value for electric railways and tramways, where the rails are used as conductors of the current, and continuity is of great importance.

At the recent meeting of the British Medical Association, much attention was given to the subject of Influenza, and the President suggested that the constant outburst of the malady made him wonder 'whether by doing away with the conditions under which certain infectious diseases spread, they might not be actually producing a state of conditions favourable to the spread of other infectious diseases.' The question of sewer ventilation elicited from one speaker the opinion that surface ventilators, such as are found in the roads of most of our towns, were undoubtedly one cause of the spread of such diseases as diphtheria and enteric fever.

The manner in which different occupations affect the eyesight of those engaged in them is a most important and interesting field of inquiry, and we are glad to see that the subject claimed the attention of the meeting of the British Medical Association. Lead, in the many industries in which it is used, is a cause of optic neuritis. The iron and steel industries are found to be injurious to the eyesight, although certain of the workers seem to enjoy a strange immunity from injury. The increasing use of the electric arc light in various manufactures was also commented upon, and it was stated that in electric welding, the men were careful to cover the neck and arms, while the head and face were protected by a helmet with glass windows.

In a paper read before the British Association at Oxford, Dr Haldane asserted that explosions in mines were often not immediately fatal to underground workers, and that if they could be protected for a time from the deadly effects of the after-damp, valuable lives might often be saved. He exhibited a small apparatus which

he had constructed for the purpose of keeping up respiration in a noxious atmosphere. It consisted of a collapsible bag and tube, a small reservoir of compressed oxygen, and a layer of material for absorbing the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs. From this description, it appears to be only a modified form of the apparatus devised by Mr H. A. Fleuss about twelve years ago, the first published account of which appeared in this *Journal*.

It is a very curious circumstance that in these days, when so much is written and thought about the importance of sanitary matters, no definite plan exists of ventilating private dwelling-houses. The needed fresh air must at present be obtained by opening doors and windows, and as the bulk of persons are afraid of draughts, a vitiated atmosphere is complacently borne, in preference to one which is pure. In some few of our public buildings, an electrically-driven fan is seen drawing the bad air away; but these useful appliances are rare, whereas in America they are common. Each living-room should possess some simple form of ventilator which would act without causing a draught.

It is reasonable to suppose that the manufacture of gigantic guns will give way to those of smaller calibre, now that the effectiveness of modern weapons of smaller size has been so often demonstrated. The marvellous power of some of the smaller sizes of breech-loading guns is illustrated in an article in the *Century Magazine* for July, in which their performance in actual warfare is criticised. In the Chilian civil war, a shot from an eight-inch gun struck a cruiser above the armour belt, passed through a steel plate, went through the captain's cabin, and took the pillow from under his head without hurting him, passed into the messroom, went through a wooden bulkhead, and killed nine men; then it went through a steel bulkhead five inches thick, and came to an end of its career by striking a battery outside. A shot from a ten-inch gun was stopped by the eight-inch armour of the same vessel; but it drove a bolt clean through the armour with such force that the bolt itself became a projectile, and, striking a gun, completely disabled it.

A new building material, called 'Compo Board,' is highly spoken of by an American paper. It consists of strips of one-eighth-inch wood sandwiched between sheets of straw board, the surfaces being cemented together, placed under hydraulic pressure, and finally dried in a kiln. This board is designed to take the place of the usual very unsatisfactory lath-and-plaster work in an interior wall. It is highly elastic; it will not warp; and wallpaper is affixed to it with ease, and with the highest finish. It is said not to be more expensive than first-class plaster-work; it produces no dampness in a building; it is air and dust tight; and makes in every respect a better wall than that afforded by older methods.

The recently published Report of the Silk Association of Great Britain and Ireland refers to the Exhibition held in May last at Stafford House, London, by the kindness of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. The object of the

Exhibition was to bring before the public the present state of excellence of the British silk-manufactures; and it was shown most conclusively that silk fabrics for dress and upholstery of every kind and description could be manufactured in this country. Although the promoters of the Exhibition sustained a slight loss, the enterprise is regarded as having been a great success in fulfilling the objects for which it was organised. It is proposed to establish in Lancashire, most probably at Manchester, a well-equipped school for teaching silk technology and design.

#### CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

He lured me from the firelit room  
Adown the garden path, to see  
The white chrysanthemums in bloom  
Beneath the cherry-tree.  
And while the autumn twilight fell  
In tender shadow at our feet,  
He told me that he loved me well,  
In accents silver sweet.

I heeded not the faded leaves;  
I never heard the wailing wind  
Which mourned amid the silent eaves  
For Summer left behind.  
The golden hours might all depart;  
I knew not that the day had flown;  
My sunshine lay within the heart  
That beat so near my own.

Now, Spring has come with flower and bird;  
And softly o'er the garden walls,  
By warm south breezes flushed and stirred,  
The perfumed blossom falls.  
New buds are on the hedge-side spray;  
New grasses fringe the country lane;  
But never in the old sweet way  
Shall we two stand again.

My mother clasps my listless hand,  
And tells me that the roses blow,  
While all about the happy land  
Drifts fragrant hawthorn snow.  
But looking from my lonely room  
Adown the path, I only see  
Some white chrysanthemums in bloom  
Beneath a cherry-tree!

E. MATHESON.

#### \*\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon THEM IN FULL.
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